



I Love You

**I LOVE YOUR LIPS WHEN THEY'RE WET WITH WINE
AND RED WITH A WILD DESIRE;
I LOVE YOUR EYES WHEN THE LOVELIGHT LIES
LIT WITH A PASSIONATE FIRE.
I LOVE YOUR ARMS WHEN THE WARM WHITE FLESH
TOUCHES MINE IN A FOND EMBRACE;
I LOVE YOUR HAIR WHEN THE STRANDS ENMESH
YOUR KISSES AGAINST MY FACE.**

**NOT FOR ME THE COLD, CALM KISS
OF A VIRGIN'S BLOODLESS LOVE;
NOT FOR ME THE SAINT'S WHITE BLISS,
NOR THE HEART OF A SPOTLESS DOVE.
BUT GIVE ME THE LOVE THAT SO FREELY GIVES
AND LAUGHS AT THE WHOLE WORLD'S BLAME,
WITH YOUR BODY SO YOUNG AND WARM IN MY ARMS,
IT SETS MY POOR HEART AFLAME.**

**SO KISS ME SWEET WITH YOUR WARM WET MOUTH,
STILL FRAGRANT WITH RUBY WINE,
AND SAY WITH A FERVOR BORN OF THE SOUTH
THAT YOUR BODY AND SOUL ARE MINE.
CLASP ME CLOSE IN YOUR WARM YOUNG ARMS,
WHILE THE PALE STARS SHINE ABOVE,
AND WE'LL LIVE OUR WHOLE YOUNG LIVES AWAY
IN THE JOYS OF A LIVING LOVE.**

**Ella Wheeler
Wilcox**